

*Paris 11 a.m.*

I'm covered in coffee, walking through Paris with many colors in hand, red from blue to gold and green. So I jump in a fountain near Champ de Mars and wash the coffee. Fabulous. Some will think it's just rain, all this water in my suit. It'll rain today.

Time to dry, so I make a trip to La Grande Épicerie and study noodles. Wow, what a glory of food and drink, this total icon of cheffery.

She's around here, somewhere. That endless duo-synch mind of hers, wondering how to keep her yacht near Milos, in Greece, with various bottles of bubbly in a cold chest and neon tubes hidden via conduit in her boaty boudoir. Which of course renders a crisscrossed lightshow both haunting and cool, regardless of clothing...on or off.

For some reason I'm not finding her at Épicerie, yet I still feel the wave and chaos of her movement about. I swear I even saw her eyes through the olive jars, spying from the place where mystic chocolate lives in gorgeous yellow buns and rolls, next to the honey sculptures and wild cinnamon. She's crazy about that stuff.

So I decide to depart and make way on a Metro, deep into the south. I prance off in Mairie d'Issy and somehow wind-up marching with my long black leather peacoat that I bought randomly in Montmartre. Which I didn't mention, but yes. It's now become a bipedal trip through the old Blériot park and into a labyrinthine Boulevard Périphérique that gets darker and darker. And colder.

But wow, there she is in a kooky little white and orange auto, stopped at a crazy busy curb, waving and smiling and sticking her tongue out to make fun of me. She pushes the passenger door wide open and I sit, mostly amazed that I didn't slip into a sewer or flop down a hill into some crazy homeless camp filled with rusty trailers and far out RV canyons.

As she drives us to whatever it is she has in mind, I wonder again about the coffee that fell on me from the Eiffel earlier today. What does it mean?

Anyway, dinner. But no neon. For now.

End.